

The War Fifty Years Ago

General Judson Kilpatrick's Cavalry Raid to Richmond. The Raiders, Held Up at the Outer Defenses---Confederates Everywhere Alert---Detachment Led by Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren Meets With Disaster---Dahlgren Killed in Ambush---Atrocious Schemes Alleged and Repudiated---Daring Night Exploit of Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, Who Later Destroyed the Ram Albatross---Invades Quarters of Confederate General.

By Capt. GEORGE L. KILMER, Late U. S. V.
On March 1, 1864, General Judson Kilpatrick's famous dash on Richmond with a band of cavalry came to a finish at the gates of the Confederate capital on the James. The ultimate object of the raid was to circulate within the enemy's lines a certain amnesty proclamation of President Lincoln's and to release by force the Federal captives in Libby prison. Kilpatrick rode out from the camps of the Army of the Potomac on the Rapidan the 28th of February, believing that he had a clear course to Richmond, sixty miles away. The real defenders of Richmond, the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, also lay about the Rapidan, and by a clever maneuver the cavalry of that

James river failed to keep his promise and, although within five miles of Richmond, the party could do nothing, as it was not in communication with Kilpatrick. The night of March 1, when the force under Kilpatrick was fighting with Johnson, the two bands of raiders were only twelve miles apart. Under cover of night Dahlgren set out to retreat and was on the march when Kilpatrick was fighting Johnson. Dahlgren divided his force and himself took the lead with half his men.

The noise of the daring raid had aroused the country through which the riders passed and Dahlgren, taking as he did the back track on Kilpatrick's old course, presumably to battle any Confederates who might be following Kilpatrick, rushed into a region swarming with enemies. In the counties of King and Queen, through which he



Copyright by Review of Reviews.

GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, U. S. A., AND COLONEL ULRICH DAHLGREN, U. S. A., LEADERS OF RAID ON RICHMOND.

army was thrown off the trail and the raiders were soon galloping on the high road to their goal.

After swinging clear of the Confederate flank, which he passed on his ride, Kilpatrick divided his column and sent Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren ahead to make a wide circuit across the James river and come in on the rear of Richmond, while he himself led the attack on the east front of the city direct.

Dahlgren had 500 picked men. This was the most hazardous part of the enterprise—namely, to cross James river above Richmond, move down the south bank and attack the defenses in that quarter at 10 a. m. March 1. The main column, numbering 3,000 soldiers, led by Kilpatrick himself in person, would attack from the north at the same hour.

Held Up by Barricades.

Although the raiders got clear of the entangled lines along the Rapidan without detection by the Confederates, their movements were soon discovered. General Wade Hampton's cavalry division was strung out along the roads leading from Lee's camps on the Rapidan to Richmond, and one of his brigade commanders, General Bradley T. Johnson, telegraphed news of the raid to Richmond and set out in hot chase with a few Maryland troops, following the whole distance, but one day behind Kilpatrick's column.

Kilpatrick found the Confederates in Richmond alert, with extra troops at the barricades. However, he boldly attacked the works, according to his promise to Dahlgren. After lingering all day March 1 near the city without hearing the sound of Dahlgren's guns in the rear beyond the James river he retired a few miles, intending to renew the attack on the next morning. That night his own camp was attacked by Bradley Johnson and his troops, with others of Hampton's squadrons, and he was driven from the position after a plucky battle. Next morning he set out with his full force on a retreat down the York river peninsula. This removed from the field the heaviest part of the raiding column and left Dahlgren surrounded by enemies.

The work cut out for Colonel Dahlgren in the raiding attack on Richmond was carried forward as far as it depended upon the daring of leader and men. The little detachment was composed of brave troopers, among them five companies of the First Maine cavalry, a most gallant band of horse-back fighters. The raiders crossed the North Anna and South Anna rivers, cut the railroad to Richmond in the rear of Lee's army and, deciding on to James river, destroyed a long section of the canal.

Dahlgren Caught in Ambush.

A negro guide who had been secured to lead the way to a ford over the

passed, there were some home guards and furloughed men, with scattered bands of cavalry belonging to the army. In the last named class was Lieutenant James Pollard of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, who was at home on a furlough. Learning by accident of Dahlgren's approach, Pollard aroused the home guards and furloughed men and planned to intercept the Yankees.

Other furloughed officers and home guards joined in with Pollard and laid an ambush. At a point near the village of Waltham they placed 150 men under cover, with orders not to fire until the raiders came close up.

Without a suspicion of danger, Dahlgren's men, the leader at the front, rode into the ambush, and the challenge "Halt!" rang out on the night air. Dahlgren answered by a threat, and the commander of the Confederate outpost instantly gave the order to fire. At the first volley Dahlgren fell dead. His men were surrounded and held up until daylight, when the whole party surrendered.



Copyright by Review of Reviews company.

CONFEDERATE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND THREATENED BY FEDERAL RAIDERS.

In the restless and venturesome career of the future hero of the Albatross this feat was merely an episode. It was undertaken in a spirit of bravado to prove to his chief that a certain plan he was maturing, still more hazardous and of greater importance in a military sense, was feasible. The Federal fleet commander under whom Cushing served, having expressed his doubt as to the wisdom of the plan because of its seeming impossibility, the lieutenant declared that he would bring the Confederate general of the district on board to breakfast with the admiral.

Atrocious Schemes Alleged.

Among the papers found on Dahlgren, as reported by Pollard, was one bearing his signature and purporting to be instructions to his men. It read in part: "We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Isle first, and, having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroy the bridges after us and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hated city and do not allow the rebel leader Davis and his cabinet to escape."

John Galeazzo, duke of Milan, is said to have made even merrier at the expense of an astrologer, who foretold him that he would die early.

"And how long do you expect to live?" he inquired of the prophet.

"My lord, my star promises me a long life."

"Never trust to your star, man; you are to be hanged today," and the duke took care that his own prediction should be fulfilled.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

FOILED THE MAJOR

He Had to Flee at the Last Battle of the Revolution.

The last battle of the Revolution was not at Yorktown, nor was it any of the many small skirmishes that occurred after the surrender of Cornwallis and before the formal declaration of peace in 1783. The last battle was of the nature of a duel, and it happened on the day the British evacuated New York.

The great day that was to see the last of King George III's regiments leave these shores finally arrived. The British army was to board the ships that lay in the harbor, Washington and his troops were waiting at Kingsbridge and McGowan's pass to take possession of the city immediately on their departure.

Major William Cunningham, the British provost marshal and commander of the prison on the common, gave one last look about his office, tossed the key on the table and went out into the sunlight, slamming the door behind him with much unnecessary violence. His infamous reign was over. There were few forms of cruelty that he had hesitated to practice on the luckless Continental prisoners in his charge. Among the mildest were the contamination of their drinking water by throwing rubbish into the well and the appropriation and sale of their rations for his own profit.

The friends and relatives of his victims were flocking back to the city triumphant, and it behooved Major Cunningham not to linger. So he left the prison, turned into the common, and crossed it to gain Broadway. He strode along muttering curses under his breath. At the corner of Broadway and Murray street something caught his eye. He stopped, hesitated, then turned aside and hastened down Murray street.

"What audacity! What monstrous audacity!" he thought. But it was like that rebel spitfire, Mistress Day. He would teach her one final lesson.

He reached the Day house, which was a tavern near Greenwich street, opened the gate and shook his fist at the Stars and Stripes that fluttered from a tall flagpole, as if waving a triumphant welcome to the Continental troops.

Wrathfully he seized the balustrade and began to pull the flag down the pole. There was something about the action that soothed his ruffled feelings. He would at least take back to England with him one captured rebel banner. But he had reckoned without Mistress Day!

From her kitchen that patriotic woman heard the creaking of the pulley on her flagstaff. She tiptoed to her front windows and peeped out. She knew the major only too well, and she determined to prevent this final outrage. She flew back to the kitchen and seized her broom.

In the meantime, with his back to the house, the major was hauling away vigorously. A few more jerks and the flag would be within his grasp. Bang! His hat suddenly flew off and went scuttling down the yard. In his astonishment he continued to pull mechanically on the balustrade. Bang, whack! The major saw many times more than thirteen stars, and the powder flew from his wig in all directions. He dropped the rope and turned about, purple with indignation.

"Woman, do you realize what you are doing?" he roared. The broomstick was in the air again, and the major dodged. Whack! It struck him squarely across the bridge of his nose, and the field at once became ensanguined.

The bleeding officer now began to take hasty counsel with himself. He was late for the embarkation, the American troops would soon be upon the ground, his hat had received an irreparable dent, his wig was in the wildest disorder, his regimentals were stained with marks of the bloody fray, his head was yet spinning from contact with Mistress Day's weapon, and there were unmistakable signs that Mistress Day's arm was by no means weary! Some warning bugle notes from the Battery decided the matter. He turned about and strode off, picking up his damaged headgear on the way. Mistress Day, smiling contentedly, returned to her kitchen to continue the baking and brewing for the evening festival.

It took the major some time to remove the evidences of conflict before he appeared at the Battery. He must have been hard put to it to explain his lateness and his disheveled state to his superior officer. His career after his return to England continued to be disreputable. He was executed for forty-eight years after he left New York. As for Mistress Day, the woman who flew the first American flag in the evacuated city and who fought and won the last conflict of the Revolution, she deserves a wider fame than she has enjoyed.—Youth's Companion.

Astrology With Risks. Formerly they had rough and ready modes of testing claims to supernatural powers.

"Dost thou know where thou wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry VII. of an astrologer. He could not tell. Whereupon the king's grace, which did love a merry jest, made answer, "When I am wiser than thou, for I know that thou wilt spend Christmas in prison."

John Galeazzo, duke of Milan, is said to have made even merrier at the expense of an astrologer, who foretold him that he would die early.

"And how long do you expect to live?" he inquired of the prophet.

"My lord, my star promises me a long life."

"Never trust to your star, man; you are to be hanged today," and the duke took care that his own prediction should be fulfilled.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

An Unbiased Opinion.--What he learned in Rockford on a recent visit. REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DRY GOODS ECONOMIST STUDIED CITY WITHOUT SALOONS. GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS.

(From the Dry Goods Economist)

"From one cause or another many a merchant thinks he is going to be 'up against it' if liquor-selling is cut out in his town. We ourselves have heard statements in a 'wet' center as to the dire results that have arisen in a nearby town which had recently gone 'dry.' The Economist holds no brief for or against prohibition, but it occurred to the editor that many of our subscribers would be helped by knowing how the change really does affect trade. So we asked a merchant, himself 'dry' as to his personal habits, but doing a successful business in a town which he describes as 'positively saturated,' to visit a dry town in his vicinity, make a thorough study of the conditions and tell our subscribers all about it." "This he has done, and here is his report:"

BOTH WAYS TESTED.

Rockford, Ill., with 55,000 inhabitants, a large number of them foreign born, claims to be the second largest city in the United States without saloons, and "the laborator method" could hardly have had a better field in which to demonstrate its working than it has had there during the last six years.

The city first went dry in May, 1908; went wet again in May, 1910—the first time the question could legally be re-submitted—it went dry again in May, 1912, and dry it still remains. There is to be another election this spring, but, for the first time in Illinois history, the women are voting, and under this condition the "drys" regard their victory as certain. Hitherto the vote has always been close.

UNBIASED INVESTIGATION

Rabid partisans on both sides will tell you exhaustively of the effects on the city's health, morals and taxes. All this did not concern me, my sole object being to learn the effects of dryness on the general merchandise business, and, having bought goods in Rockford for upwards of twenty years, I had abundant access to first-hand information.

My investigations took up a full day, and I walked some ten miles of Rockford streets, part of the time with a wholesaler who had lived all his life in the city and part of the time alone. I interviewed, with one or two exceptions, the managers of all the leading dry goods stores, and I learned where practically every dry goods dealer stood—even those whom I failed to personally meet. I talked also with men in other lines of business: clothing, women's ready-to-wear, manufacturers, jobbers, newspaper men; and I spent an hour in Mayor Bennett's office. Men who owned to enjoying a glass of liquor and men who confessed to having voted "wet," talked to me freely.

DOING LARGER BUSINESS.

D. J. Stewart & Co. are said to be doing the largest dry goods business of any store in Rockford, and their manager told me that their sales for the preceding year showed an increase of \$50,000.

"Wouldn't they have increased anyhow," I asked, "whether the town had been wet or dry?"

"Maybe," he conceded. "We did a good business in wet years, too, and of course it's hard to tell how much of our increase has come from the town's being dry. Collections are certainly better."

Here he gave me figures. "Anyhow," he continued, "we don't want to see it change. We have had business men's committees come here to see us and we've had letters from —" he named a half-dozen out of the three hundred municipalities of Illinois in which the wet and dry question is to be voted on this spring. "We tell all of them that a dry town is good enough for us."

UNWILLING TO TAKE SIDES.

The permission to quote the Stewart firm was voluntarily given, but most of the men with whom I talked, while frankly stating their personal views, preferred not to be advertised as holding them.

"We're suited with things as they are," one merchant told me, "but on a question like this a business man ought not to take sides." And he gave this as in part explaining why the names of so few business men appeared on the recently circulated wet petition. It was the typical attitude for which the reformers so eloquently scold business men.

HAVE NOT LOST TRADE.

Rockford is better without the saloons," one merchant said, but added: "In a small place things might be different." Even this, however, was flatly contradicted by one firm operating several stores, who cited the case of two towns, one wet and one dry, in both of which they had long done business, and where all their data favored the dry town.

"But surely," I insisted, "you must have lost some trade from here to your wet neighbors, Beloit, and Pecanica, and Belvidere?"

"Nothing to it!" declared one. "This talk about losing trade when the town votes dry—that's all a myth."

TRADE FROM WET TOWNS.

"Some of the men do go out of town," another confessed, "but they're the fellows who have the least money to spend; and they only go Saturday nights anyhow. If Rockford had saloons, they'd be spending their money in them here every night." And he went on to cite instances of customers from neighboring wet towns who had recently begun trading in Rockford.

Some stores had special reasons for favoring a dry regime. "Our business has grown steadily, even in wet years," one dealer told me, "but right next door to us was a saloon, orderly and well conducted enough it was, but, of course, we have more women customers now that it's gone."

COLLECTIONS IMPROVED.

The question I asked the oftentimes was probably that regarding collections, and the answer was in every case practically the same.

"We have folks on our books now that we never could trust when the town was wet," "There are people who now pay their bills and have money in the bank, who in wet times never had one dollar to rub against the other," The saloons used to cash the pay checks—no we cash them," are typical answers.

"But where are the men who think differently?" I kept insisting. "I want to see the storekeepers who are going to vote wet."

But my best efforts failed to discover any who were actively engaged in the retail dry goods business. I was referred to hotel men, feed dealers and undertakers, but such seemed hardly to come within my field of investigation. D. S. Conrad, secretary of the Rockford Retail Merchants' Association, declared that out of the 160 members of that body 158 are dry.

BETTER CONDITIONS THE RULE.

A leading newspaper man told me that advertising on the part of the retail stores had steadily increased during the last two years and that collections were better than ever before. Rents, he declared, had risen from 25 to 33 per cent, and he knew of one case where a saloonkeeper, holding a building on a long time lease at \$85 a month, had sublet it at \$150. Of the sites of 53 saloons voted out two years ago, 42 are now occupied by other kinds of business.

LAW IS ENFORCED.

"Of course, it's partly due to our administration," one man said. "I voted wet the second time the question was up, because they weren't enforcing the law. We have a different Mayor now and law enforcement is his hobby."

This same Mayor received me most cordially and freely placed at my disposal all the data and figures I asked for. His own views are decided, but he presents them with no undue fervor of partisanship.

PROSPERITY IS INCREASED.

"Every daily paper in Rockford is dry," he told me. "If there were anything in this business argument, it looks to me as if there would be at least one paper to advocate it." "Postal receipts show a gain of 25 per cent and business men will tell you there is no better criterion for judging a town's prosperity. As to our bank deposits: on January 1, 1913, when the city was dry, deposits were \$930,000 more than they were on January 1, 1912, when the city was wet. On January 1, 1914, after another dry year, the total deposits in all Rockford banks (as the result of the general and widespread business depression) was \$40,000 less than on January 1, 1913; but the total of savings deposits was \$250,000 more, and the greatest gain in deposits was made by a bank located in the very midst of the homes of our laboring people. All this is simply business, and in all I have ever said in public, I have never discussed the saloon as a moral question. It is the business side that is going to settle it."

"WETS" IN OTHER LINES.

"All very good," I answered, "but I am not writing a temperance tract—even from the business side. Aren't there some men here who see it all differently?"

He laughed and obligingly gave me the names of several wet citizens. Unfortunately, he could not name one who was in any business even allied to general storekeeping.

VACANCIES ONLY NORMAL.

One thing recently repudiated by nearly every man I encountered was the charge that Rockford buildings were standing vacant.

A newspaper of a sister city, itself in the throes of a wet and dry fight, had published a number of photographs intended to show that Rockford was "dead." By way of answer The Rockford Star published the same pictures, with the reasons why the buildings were vacant—some because of being remodeled, others because tenants had just moved into larger quarters, others because they were to be torn down to give place to new buildings—and explaining that other buildings had been photographed from three sides and shown as three different buildings.

ROADMAN'S OBSERVATIONS.

On the car leaving the city I was reading this report in The Star over when a man opposite asked me to let him see it.

"Well," I demanded, as he handed it back, "is it wrong or right?"

"They've got it right," he answered.

"You know Rockford?"

"I've sold goods there, as a traveling salesman, for fifteen years."

"And how do your customers feel on this wet and dry proposition?"

"I have twenty-eight regular customers," he said. "Twenty-seven of them are dry."

Respectfully submitted to the intelligent voters of Rock Island
LOCAL OPTION LEAGUE, 201-202 Robinson Bldg.
Vote YES and Improve Business.

Wearing spectacles to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun is a very old custom. The natives of the far northern regions long ago invented spectacles of wood with a very narrow slit in the center to diminish as far as

possible the continual glare of the long arctic day. It is said that the Emperor Nero, who was an allday and whose eyes were therefore very sensitive to light, used amethysts or emeralds to

Athens, Ga.—A robber's attempt to loot Seaboard Air Line passenger train No. 11 was frustrated by R. C. Fletcher, ex-press messenger. After a pistol duel the robber jumped off the train near Comer.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

Music of the Drum.

All musical authorities have agreed that when used in a proper way the drum is thoroughly musical. The common snare or side drum is freely used in musical composition. A large num-

ber of drummers performing simultaneously out of doors produce good music. In this connection Berlioz, the composer, pointed out that a sound that was insignificant when heard singly, such as the clink of one or two

muskets at shoulder arms or the taut as the butt comes to the ground of ground arms, becomes brilliant and attractive if performed by a thousand men together.

All the news all the time—The Argus.